

## HOW SOME OF OUR EARLY SPRING FISHERMEN ENJOYED THE SATURDAY HOLIDAY.



Seine-fishing for suckers in the shallows of the Humber.



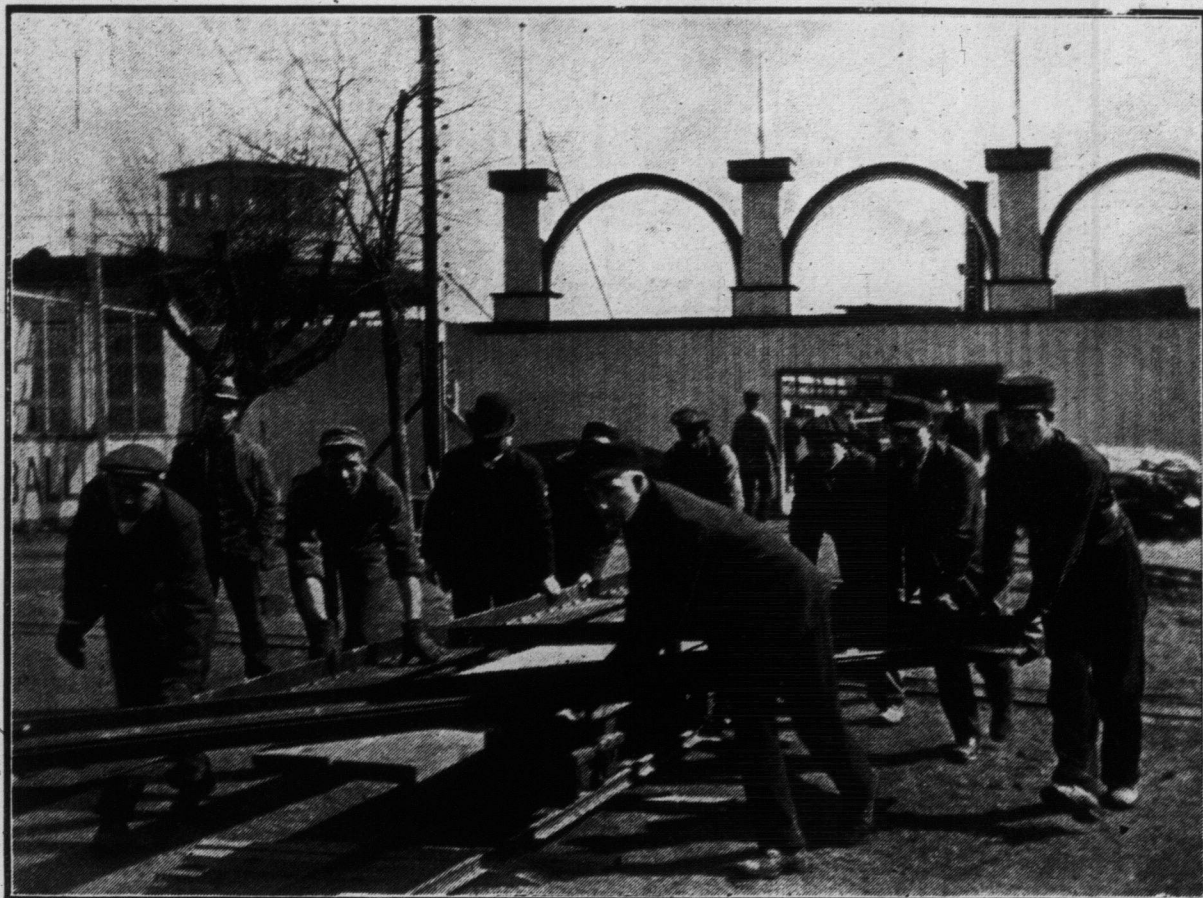
Lads having their midday meal on the shore of the river.

### SLAYING A HIPPO.

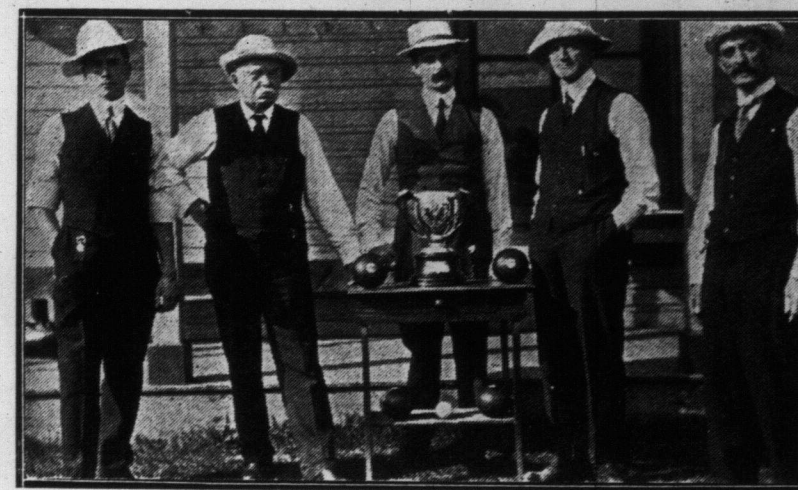
Half an hour's silent march brings us within sight of a small lake, a short distance from the river; it is a floating field; the roots of the rushes have interlaced, weaving a big network, under which the waters are imprisoned and jealously hidden, covering unfathomable mysteries, an infinity of unknown lives. It is an ideal garden of frail flowers born in stagnation. The lake is already surrounded; but before beginning the hunt the chief prays for the preservation of all those taking part from accident and death. In the last hunt two men were killed and several hurt, by a furious hippo coming charging out of the water, trampling and crushing all that he met on his path.

The chief prays; standing before a hole in the ground in which he has placed an offering of tobacco, he pronounces in a loud voice an invocation to the protecting spirits; all the hunters squat on the ground and clap their hands—not in the noisy European fashion, but by striking the two palms one against the other.

The chief breaks the spell—he stands up and gives his orders. All rise, and at a signal the men go down upon the green carpet of floating field. Complete silence again—we hold our breath in anxious expectation. The hippo is invisible; if he is there he is hidden under the moving vault. The blacks never lose sight of him for a moment; the circle closes in; for an instant they fear that he will escape them by going out toward the river, and they hurry after him with lances poised; but he goes back to the middle of the lake by an underground passage. A man is knocked over; jostled by the invisible animal, he loses his footing and falls. The hippo is here—quite



NEW PAVILION AT THE ISLAND.  
Construction party placing the steel and iron work of the building which will replace the one destroyed by fire last season.



FIVE CRACK BOWLERS OF TORONTO.  
From left to right: Stephen Hewgill, D. M. Wellwood, C. J. Hughes, A. E. Hague, J. Jupp. These gentlemen won the Hewitt Trophy last season.

### LEAF BUD.

By Mary Brotherton.

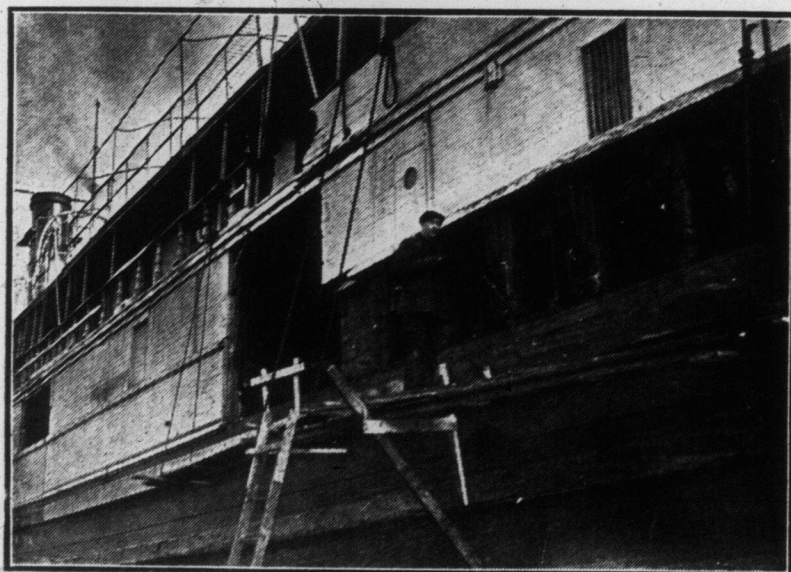
"This was the text" (he said)  
"Of a sermon preach'd to me;"  
Touch'd with his finger the red  
Leaf-bud on a leafless tree.

"Yea, for this tiny thing,  
Red speck, that I show you here,  
Is the beating heart of Spring  
In the dry bones of the Year."

One was my all, and died;  
And faith lay dead in his grave;

### First "Taxi" Used by Chinese.

Gilliguldea is the name of the eleventh century taxicab as used by the Chinese. It means "counting mile drum" car, and was a vehicle with a single shaft, running on two wheels, and consisting of two storeys. In each of these compartments was a wooden figure holding a mallet in the right hand. These mallets struck upon a drum in the lower storey and upon a gong in the upper storey. When the gilliguldea had traversed a given predetermined distance the lower figure struck the drum with its mallet, whereupon a cogwheel made a revolution. When ten miles had been trav-

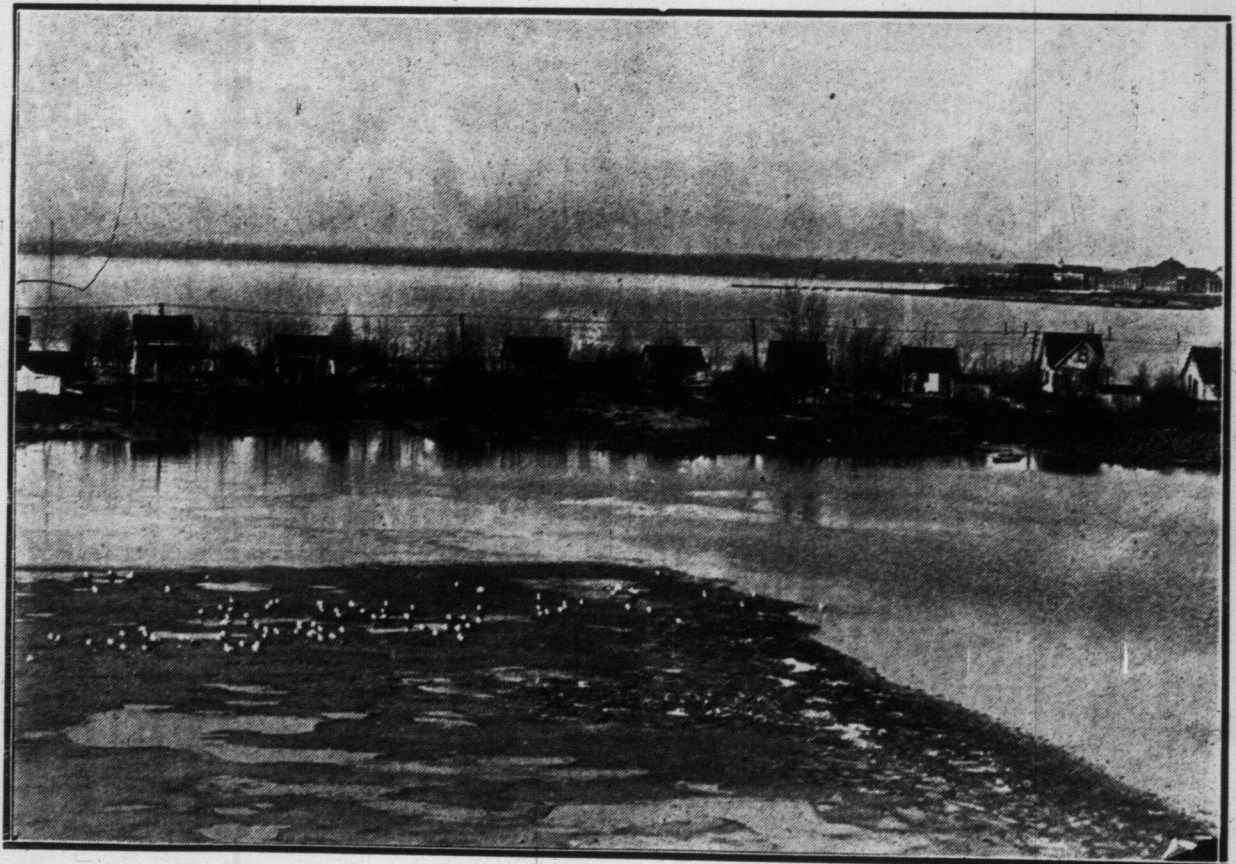


GETTING READY FOR FIRST TRIP OF THE SEASON.  
Painters and carpenters putting lake boat in repair at Yonge-street Wharf.



EAST TORONTO SPORTSMEN HOLD BIG SHOOT.  
Stanley Gun Club, East Toronto, holding the first match of the season, when some exceptionally high scores were made.

close to us—we see the grasses move. A shout of joy goes up; the harpoon stays upright, firmly planted in the animal's back. He disappears once more, and the crowd of hunters pursues him closely. A second and a third harpoon are successfully thrown, and the ends of the ropes quickly passed to men in canoes. They pull at the animal, which struggles and resists, and pushing up his head bellows furiously. He plunges down again, pulling after him the canoes and paddlers. There is an anxious moment, but the weight of numbers tells, and he is brought back to the surface. Finding he cannot escape, he becomes infuriated; he fights and struggles and throws himself against the canoes, biting at them with his huge jaws; he turns and attempts to charge, then tries again to wreck the canoes. It is too dangerous a game to be allowed to continue, and the men close in and spear him to death with their long lances. His death is almost pathetic; with an effort he lifts his forequarters out of the water and rests his head sadly against the side of a canoe. Then his head falls, his eyes close, and he dies.—From an article in Harper's Weekly.



SPRING DAY ON WEST ISLAND POINT.  
In the distance is Humber Bay and Exhibition Buildings. In the foreground is a solid block of ice, on which the sea-gulls are regaling themselves.

### IN A LONDON SQUARE.

By A. H. Clough.

Put forth thy leaf, thou lofty plane,  
East wind and frost are safely gone;  
With zephyr mild and balmy rain  
The summer comes serenely on;  
Earth, air, and sun and skies combine  
To promise all that's kind and fair:  
But thou, O human heart of mine,  
Be still, contain thyself, and bear.

December days were brief and chill,  
The winds of March were mild and drear,  
And, nearing and receding still,  
Spring never would, we thought, be here.

The leaves that burst, the sun that shines,  
Had, not the less, their certain date:  
And thou, O human heart of mine,  
Be still, refrain thyself, and wait.

### TOO TRUE!

"There are no martyrs these days."  
"Oh, I wouldn't say that."  
"Do you think there are any people to-day who would suffer tortures for their beliefs?"  
"My wife believes that an 18-inch waist looks better than a 22, and I think she suffers a lot of genuine torture because of that belief."—Houston Post.

No praying, no praise, I cried:  
He took back all that He gave.

The elm stood black in snow,  
And black in the snow stood I;  
And thought in my rage of woe,  
God laugh'd at his creature's cry.

Death in my barren soul:  
And death in the elm tree bare;  
Then sunset flamed on the bole,  
And I saw the red bud there.

"Nothing I slay but Death:  
Nor take, but I give again;  
God spake to me under His breath,  
And He did not heal my pain.

But in my wintry grief:  
And straight on my frozen sorrow,  
There quicken'd the pulse—Belief:  
There crimson'd the bud—To-morrow.

In the Book of the Lord,  
The sky, and the earth, and sea,  
I kiss'd the verse of His word,  
The bud on a winter tree.

The Commander-in-Chief,  
(Everybody's).

"What distinguished foreigner assisted the colonies in the American Revolution?" asked an Ohio teacher.  
"God," answered Tommy promptly.

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THE LEEHING-MILES CO., Limited  
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ersed the upper figure struck the gong with its mallet.

Sometimes the gilliguldea had a compass, which was invaluable in an age when there were no landmarks and signposts. There was also a magnet. This was located in a small box and influenced a block upon which there was fastened a small jade or wooden figure, whose outstretched arm always pointed due south.

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